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THE HIVE.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,——TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1805.

ESSAYS.

TRAITS OF WOMEN, *FROM SACRED HISTORY.*

"THE DAUGHTERS OF MEN."

Genesis, vi *chap.*

[*Concluded from page* 149.]

OPEN infidelity, with horrid profligacy and debauchery in its train, made its first appearance in the world in the character of the man that slew his brother.

Cain, the original founder of philosophism, the grim father of practical atheists, after the murder of his brother Abel, "went out from the presence of the Lord." This phrase in sacred history is very emphatic and comprehensive. It can mean no less than a disdainful renunciation of divine worship and ordinances; and that he openly poured contempt upon religion. This being the character of that apostate patriarch, the manner in which he brought up his children, and the moral corruption, that, of consequence, generally overspread his race, are easily conceivable.—His sons and his *daughters* too must have often witnessed the sneering remarks, the mockery and contempt, which by their hoary-headed sire were poured upon religion; and thus they drank early and deeply of the empoisoned cup of infidelity. Led by the hand of such a parent, (if a vile monster may be called by that venerable name,) they grew up and lived without moral restraints, and without the incitements to decent and laudable actions, which pure religion inspires;—walking in the ways of their own hearts, and indulging their propensities with uncontroulable greediness.

On the other hand, the sacred history remarks concerning Seth and his descendants, "that they called on the name of the Lord;" or were in the practice of worshipping their maker and of revering and attending the ordinances of religion.

By reason of the moral and religious character of the children of Seth, they were in those days called the sons and daughters of God; whereas the descendants of Cain, on account of their irreligion and profligacy, were called the sons and daughters of men. It appears from sacred history, that those two races of people were for a considerable time kept distinct,—during which period the children of Seth were preserved pure in their morals; but, at length, that some of Seth's descendants (the sons of God) connected themselves with the unpricipled and lewd children of Cain, (the daughters of men) and that this unhappy connection was a principal mean of polluting Seth's race and producing that general corruption of morals and manners, which finally rendered it necessary for the Supreme Governor of the world to sweep off its abominable inhabitants by the universal deluge.

According to an oriental tradition, the family of Seth with Adam at their head, out of detestation of the murderer, and in order to be safe from the contagious example of him and his progeny, fixed themselves on a spacious mountain; while Cain's posterity spread themselves in the pleasant vales below; and there lived in the constant round of riotous mirth, debauchery and lewdness. In the days of Jared, who was of the fourth generation from Seth, the sons of that family, or, as they were called, the sons of God, to the number of one hundred and twenty, hearing the sound of music and the noise of mirth in the valley, agreed to descend from their mountain and partake of the diversions. On their arrival, they were so captivated with the lewd women, the daughters of men, who used every wanton art to allure them, that they yielded to there meretricious charms. Having thus drank the intoxicating cup of unlawful pleasures, they returned from time to time to visit those daughters of lewdness, and, at last, ventured to intermarry with them: and the fatal alliance thus formed, spread swiftly the contagion of vice among the offspring of Seth, as well the *daughters* as the sons.——This account, though fabulous or conjectural, is not wholly improbable. The sacred text mentions, as a circumstance of those unhappy sexual connections, "that when the sons of God or Seth's posterity connected themselves with the daughters of men (the lewd daughters of Cain) and they bare children to them, that the same became mighty men, which were of old men of renown; and that there were Giants in the earth in those days." The word Giant* may have reference to the enormity of their *crimes*, as well as of their *stature*.——As their children and youth were under the tutelage of lewd and infidel mothers, and fathers who had apostatised from religion, they became, as might have been expected, giants in wickedness,—bold and daring in their horrid crimes;—hurling defiance against heaven by their blasphemous speeches, and, at the same time, oppressing, enslaving or murdering the weaker part of their fellow men,—inso-

* Note. There have been giants in modern, as well as early times.

"Byrne, the Irish giant, who died in London, not long ago, measured 8 feet 2 inches.

"Cornelius Magrath, who died in the year 1760, measured 7 feet 8 inches.

"Edward Malcur, another Irishman, was 7 feet 7 inches.

"Maximinus, the Roman Emperor, was 9 feet high, and in the reign of Augustus, there were said to be many others as tall."

Some of the aforementioned giants approached considerably nigh in stature to the famous Goliath mentioned in scripture, whose height is computed to have been 11 feet.

much that they soon corrupted the earth and filled it with violence. On the whole, this important sketch of sacred history ought to impress deeply on the mind the following useful *moral*,—that the progress of virtue or vice in the world depends greatly upon female education and manners. When women preserve that delicacy of mind, that dignified modesty, which is their highest ornament, it operates on the other sex as a stimulous to virtuous actions, as well as a powerful restraint from vice. But if women *generally* should even so far degrade the honor and dignity of their sex as to hear an obscene expression without the blush of indignation—If they should learn to relish profane and atheistical jests and scoffs —If they should caress, instead of banishing from their society the profligate and debauched part of the other sex—If mothers should impress on the minds of their tender offspring lessons of vanity and vice, instead of virtue: —In a word if a general corruption of principles and manners should pervade the female sex, it would tend to diffuse, like the fatal appple of Eve, universal poison over the world.

[*H. Balance.*] PHILO BIBLOS.

MISCELLANY.

FRIENDSHIP.

HAIL! thou virtue inestimable! in thee art combined all the feelings of derness and love: thou art the same yesterday, to day, and forever while life endures—and then—must we part forever! ah no! we must hope better things—a feeling so noble, cannot be of only a life's duration.—I trust thou wilt live when time shall be no more; then shall we renew thy brighter effect, and join in hallelujahs, to him who was, is now, and shall be ever more.

[*From Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*]

LIBERALITY.

To bestow benefactions on a man who has merited his misfortunes by misconduct, is an abuse of charity! Such is the opinion of the unfeeling affluent, who to be dispensed from succouring distress, always begin by enquiring if it cannot be attributed to imprudence. When they assert that relief is only to be extended to men of irreproachable character, their only intention is to save their money, without losing the esteem of those who do not take the trouble to examine whether avarice may not lurk under the appearance of equity. Doubtless the unfortunate have committed faults but do these rigid judges endeavor, with equal solicitude, to ascertain whether their errors have not been expiated by their sufferings, and the sincerity of their repentance does not entitle them to mercy?

Economy recommended to the Young—from the example of the Duke of Sully.

IN the memoirs of the Duke of Sully, that great man mentions an important feature of his early life, which is worthy of careful notice, and is more especially recommended to the contemplation of young minds.— Sully (first known by the title of Marquis of Rosni) entered into the service of the king of Navarre, at the age of about eighteen, becoming one of his household. He warmly and steadily devoted himself to the interest of that prince, and served him, through every turn of fortune, with distinguished ability and faithfulness.

When the king of Navarre, after a long and desperate struggle, was seated on the throne of France, (then known by the title of Henry fourth,) though for reasons of state, he had abjured the protestant faith and had publicly embraced the romancatholic religion, while the Marquis of Rosni still continued to profess himself protestant,—he promoted the Marquis to the first order of nobility, created him Duke of Sully, made him prime minister, and until the day of the monarch's death, he reposed in him unlimited confidence.

Sully, in his memoirs, gives his readers to understand that his own success in life was owing, at bottom, to his having established in his early youth a methodical economy in all his personal affairs. "I regulated my domestic affairs (said he) in such a manner, that the king of Navarre confessed to me afterwards, that I owed the greatest part of the esteem with which he honored me, to the prudent economy he observed in the disposition of my affairs." Sully adds, "*It was my youth only that made this disposition appear extraordinary, for I begun early to be sensible of what advantage it is to preserve an exact regularity in domestic concerns.*"

Sully's strict and regular attention, in youth, to his own personal affairs, availed him in two respects; while he preserved and increased his private property by such a prudent management, he thereby at the same time, recommended himself to his royal patron.—That discerning prince knew that a discreet and regular attention to one's private affairs, was a good pledge of the like discreet and regular attention to public affairs; and the prudent economy, and regular domestic management of the young Marquis gained more upon his esteem and confidence, than any other circumstance.—The Marquis possessed very brilliant accomplishments; his address was winning, his manners were polite and conciliating, he had a wonderful quickness of perception and energy of mind, and a courage which no dangers could vanish: but these shining qualities would have been insufficient to have gained him the heart of his royal master, if he had withal been careless, wasteful, prodigal, or any wise deficient in respect to private economy.

Very few are endowed by nature with such talents as distinguished the Marquis of Rosni or Duke of Sully, and rare indeed is the instance of any person of even the brightest talents and discreetest conduct, who has had an opportunity of rising to the eminence that he attained; yet his example of domestic economy, begun in early youth, with the consideration of the vast advantages he reaped from this single circumstance, affords a very useful lesson to young men in general.

A habit of close attention and systematic economy to one's private or domestic affairs, when begun at an early period of life, becomes natural and pleasant while it tends to secure a competence, it gains esteem and confidence—insomuch that young men of prudent economy will outstrip both in property and reputation, others who possessing much superior advantages, are wanting in this point.

Next to religious and moral instruction, there should be deeply impressed on the minds of children and youth, the necessity of economy:—with this, a small income will be enough—without it, no income will be sufficient.

To be full of compliment, is ridiculous; to be altogether without it, is rusticity.

BOOKS OF DEVOTION.

FLAMING books of devotion, while they kindle the heart, confuse the head, & turn sober piety into wild enthusiasm. If the authors of such books meant to serve religion, they were mistaken; for true piety differs as much from such enthusiastic ravings, as the chearful temper of serene health from the delirious wildness of a fever. *God is a spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.* Whatever is spiritual, is dispassionate; such is God himself, and such ought to be the worship we offer him.

USEFUL.

FRUGALITY IN DOMESTIC EXPENCES,

IS a virtue, which ought to be practised by the manager of every family; but more particularly, at this inclement season, when commerce stagnates in our ports, the mechanic is thrown out of employment, and the necessaries of life at so high a price as to be obtained only with the greatest difficulty, and when the poor are precluded altogether from many of them. Every discovery, therefore, that has a tendency to ameliorate the condition of the poor and the laborer, and add to their comforts, is of value, and ought to obtain public sanction.

The article, *coffee*, a few years back, was looked upon as a *luxury*, but is now considered, from the great use made of it, as one of the *necessaries* of life. The price is now nearly double to what it was in the year '93, and continues to rise; a *substitute* for coffee would, therefore, be a great desideratum to society—many articles have been tried, but, not answering the purpose, have been relinquished.

The *potatoe* is found to resemble coffee in *taste*, *smell* and *color* more than any substitute that has been tried, *few persons can distinguish one from the other*—besides which, it possesses, other properties and circumstances which ought to recommend it to general use. It is one of our cheapest and most plentiful vegetable; besides its cheapness, it may be obtained in all places and in any quantity, nor are we dependant on foreign commerce for it. This substitute for coffee sits light on the stomach, is nourishing and easy of digestion and does not irritate the nerves of weak persons or cause vigilance.

The following is the mode of preparing it:

Wash raw potatoes clean, cut them into small square pieces of about the size of an hazle nut, put them into a broad dish or pan, set them in a temperate stove, or in an oven after the bread is drawn, stir them frequently, to prevent them from sticking together, in order that they may dry regularly: when they are perfectly dry, put them into a dry bag or box secure and they will keep for any length of time.

When they are to be used they must be roasted in the same manner as coffee, and ground in a mill or reduced to powder in a mortar.

Small potatoes are as good as large ones—the potatoes generally considered of the worst kind are better than the mealy, and the skins and parings are best of all.

It is hoped none will prejudge this recommendation—a *trial* will confirm what may appear to some to be doubtful.::::::::::*Aurora.*

AMUSING.

THE PLANTING OF THE VINE.

WHEN Noah planted the first Vine, and retired, Satan approached it and said—"I will nurture you, charming plant!" He quickly brought three animals; a Sheep, a Lion, and a Hog, and killed them, one after the other, near the Vine. The virtue of the blood of these animals penetrated it, and is still manifested in its growth. When a man drinks *one* goblet of wine, he is then agreeable, gentle, and friendly, that is the nature of the Lamb. When he drinks *two*, he is a Lion, and says. "Who is like me?" He then talks of stupendous things.—When he drinks more, his senses forsake him, and at length he wallows in the mire. Need it be said, that he then resembles a Hog!

ANECDOTES.

GIFFORD, in the notes to his translation of Juvenal's 7th Satire, which is on the subject of the general discouragement under which literature labored at Rome, repeats a very good story told by Macrobius:—

"A Greek poet had presented Augustus Cæsar with many little compliments, in hopes of some trifling remuneration. The Emperor who found them worth nothing, took no notice of the poor man; but as he persisted in offering his complimentary verses, composed himself an epigram in praise of the poet; and when he next waited on him with his complimentary panegyric, presented his own to him with amazing gravity. The man took, and read it with apparent satisfaction; then putting his hand into his pocket, he deliberately drew out two farthings, and gave them to the Emperor, saying, "This is not equal to the demands of your situation, Sire: but 'tis all I have: If I had more I would give it to you." Augustus, who was not an ill-natured man, could not stand this; he burst into a fit of laughter, and, as Macrobius says, made the poet a handsome present."

A profligate young nobleman, being in company with some sober people, desired leave to toast the devil. The gentleman, who sat next to him, said, "he had no objection to any of his lordship's friends."

Lancaster, *March* 13, 1805.

MARRIED, on Saturday evening last, Mr. *John Long*, to Miss *Polly Hager*, daughter of Mr. Christopher Hager; all of this borough.

——, on the 22d Oct. last, at Malton (Eng.) Mr. R. Wodd, of the Blue Ball public house, of that place, to Mrs. Sarah Murrill, late house-keeper to John Webb Weston, Esq. Guilford, Surry. We have to notice, that this marriage took place in consequence of an advertisement for "*A Wife*," which appeared in the York Herald in July last. The advertisement being read by the lady's maid, telling her it would be a good match for her. After some little correspondence, an interview took place at Grantham, and the lady was brought down to Malton, to see the situation. Every thing proving agreeable, the marriage was speedily consummated.—Seldom has any circumstance happened at Malton which has excited more curiosity and attention—there is scarcely a person in the town or neighborhood but has been at the Blue Ball to pay their respects to the bride, who is a very handsome and most respectable woman. Our correspondent concludes—"This modern way of procuring a wife is much liked here, and I doubt not but you will have many more applications of the kind."

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

Messrs. M'DOWELL & GREEAR,

Observing in the last number of the HIVE, some verses, which the author has entitled "The Old Maid's Complaint," be pleased to admit, in the next number, a Contrast. E.

THE MAIDEN LADY CONTENT.

THRO' life's uneven stage I've trac'd my way
Where good and bad their varied scenes display,
And as I pass'd, the dark uneven road,
I spurn'd each *Coxcomb* from my fix'd abode;
The *Rake*, the *Blood*, the *Buck*, the fulsome *Beau*,
The *Fop* and *Fribble* whose unmeaning shew
Devoid of sense, could never gain my heart,
Tho' Venus frown'd and Cupid shook his dart.
What tho' my youth is gone, and beauty fails,
My mind unshackl'd by the world, prevails
O'er all the frowns of fortune, I can view
Those idle pleasures that the vain pursue,
With just disdain; what tho' my charms are fled
And age proclaims 'tis folly now to wed.
My spring of life I past in even joys,
Secure from pleasures that possession cloys,
Secure from all the frippery of the day
Where noise and nonsense led the devious way;
Within myself secure, I spurn'd the pow'r
Of every man who flattered to devour.
Tho' winter now hath cloth'd my head with grey,
And spring no more the lover's hopes display;
My summer months are gone, their pleasures past,
Gone as the dust before the driving blast;
But cheering autumn crowns my closing days,
In contemplation, and my maker's praise,
Whose great support upheld my giddy youth,
In virtuous ways of probity and truth;
The God who form'd our earth, & worlds unknown,
And suited life to each conflicting Zone,
Suited my strength to bear me on my way,
That leads to real love and endless day;
And in retrospect when I view my youth,
Those days of danger, held by sacred truth,
Secure from harm, the finger pointing scorn
I dreaded not, nor wish'd I'd ne'er been born:
And 'till my clay shall mix with kindred earth
I'll bless the day that gave my being birth.

Attend my youthful sex, my rules observe,
And if from my advice you do not swerve,
When years like mine you reach, you will approve
Whither a maid like me, or whither love
Shall crown your days with a kind husband's smile,
That will the tedious hours of life beguile:
Then shun the prating *Fop*, the tinsell'd *Beau*,
With cold assurance, and an empty shew,
That flatters to betray, and the whole race
Of empty *Coxcombs*, that the world disgrace.

But should kind heaven award a gallant youth,
Blest with the charms of modest love and truth,
Deceive him not, but own the sacred flame
That warms your bosom with the tender name
Of virtuous love; in his fond arms secure,
Enjoy the bliss that Hymen's rites ensure;
That best of pleasures in a married life,
Thy husband's love—Be thou a happy wife.

Lancaster, March 8th, 1805.

ELEGIAC LINES TO INNOCENCE.

SERAPHIC guest, from me forever flown!
In vain I woo thee to my eager arms;
There was a time when thou wert all my own.
Belov'd and worship'd in thy native charms!
My present grief to happier time appeals,
For once, alas! thy altar firm and fair,
Stood *in this heart*, which now so keenly feels
The agony thy flight occasions there.

Fell *Passion* came, with sacrilegious hand
Raz'd to the dust the long lov'd holy pile!
Slander, *Remorse* and *Guilt*, (a hideous band!)
Loud clapp'd their hands, and madly laugh'd the while.

Alas, time was when still the shadowy night,
Veil'd in obscurity the darken'd grove,
Or when Aurora shed her purple light,
And wak'd the slumb'ring world to life and love!

Thy charge it was to watch my quiet bed,
Inspir'd by thee, would bright eye'd Fancy bring
Her fairest visions, 'till high o'er my head
The herald lark would his shrill matins sing.

Why did the traitor, Love, my mind beguile?
'Till that sad hour all was serene and gay,
Thy sister *Peace*, with sweet cherubic smile,
Brighten'd the moments of each halcyon day.

My fav'rite shades cannot my grief subside,
Nor calm my bosom's ever varying storm;
For in you rivulet's pellucid tide,
I view with blushes my dishonor'd form.

No more can Friendship yield to me delight,
(That erst would Joy unto my soul impart;)
But Joy, with Innocence, hath wing'd her flight
Far from the darken'd mansion of *my heart!*

A BALLAD.

TWO real tars, whom duty call'd
To watch in the foretop,
Thus one another overhaul'd,
And took a cheering drop;
I say, Will Hatchway, cried Tom Tow,
Of conduct what's your sort,
As through the voyage of life you go,
To bring you safe to port?

Cried Will, you lubber, don't you know?
Our passions close to reef;
To steer, where Honor points the prow,
To hand a friend relief;
These anchors get but in your power,
My life for't, that's your sort:
The bower, the sheet, and the best bower,
Shall bring you up in port.

Why then, you're out, and thus an end,
Tom cried out, blunt and rough,
Be good, be honest, serve a friend,
Be maxims well enough:
Who swabs his bows at others' woe,
That tar for me's your sort,
His vessel right ahead shall go,
To find a joyful port.

Let storms of life upon me press,
Misfortunes make me reel,
Why, damme, what's my own distress?
For others let me feel:
Ay, ay, if bound with a fresh gale,
To heaven, this is your sort,
A handkerchief's the best wet sail,
To bring you safe to port.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

ONE Summer eve, as Nancy fair,
Sat spinning in the shade,
While soaring sky-larks shook the air
In warbling o'er her head;

In tender cooes the pigeons woo'd,
(Love's impulse all must feel,)
She sung, but still her work pursu'd,
And turn'd her spinning-wheel.

"While thus I work with rock and reel,
"So life by time is spun;
"And as runs round my spinning-wheel,
"The world turns up and down:

"Some rich to-day, to-morrow low,
"While I no changes feel,
"But get my bread by sweat of brow,
"And turn my spinning-wheel.

"From me let men and women too
"This home-spun lesson learn,
"Not mind what other people do,
"But eat the bread the earn:

"If none were fed, were that to be,
"But what deserv'd a meal,
"Some ladies then, as well as me,
"Must turn the spinning-wheel."

The rural toast, with sweetest tone,
Thus sung her witless strain,
When o'er the lawn limp'd gammar Joan,
And brought home Nancy's swain;

"Come," cries the dame, "Nance, here's thy spouse;
"Away throw rock and reel:"
Blithe Nancy, with the bonny news,
O'erset her spinning-wheel.

LOVE.

LOVE, like the opening flower,
That courts the morning dew,
Gave promise every hour
To bring new charms to view.

But see the fatal storm
Of tyrant power arise!
Blighted its beauteous form,
The hapless flow'ret dies.

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